HATE MAIL

Dear Newspaper,

Regarding the "Save the Longwood" article, the Longwood Theater may be more than the last of the "unobstructed prosidium spaces," it may be the only one ever! Do you mean "proscenium" spaces? If so, it's not all the last such; there are thousands upon thousands of such spaces world-wide and your argument--however well-intentioned--is rendered silly as stated.

As a staff member, alumnus, ersatz artist and dispassionate observer, I find it painful that your newspaper expends so much energy and student money to divide the college into "fine-arts" and "design" factions. Surely you are mature enough to reach beyond these artificial divisions and into the common concerns of all students. Some old book somewhere reminds us that a house divided will not stand.

Carping over matters trivial and important render all critique worthless, as all issues take on equal weight. This "boy crying wolf" effect causes some newspapers to conclude that editorial policies are always appropriate. Without clarity, analysis and focus those you criticize need do nothing--not even respond--to your complaints because you become their best argument against you. When a newspaper prints maximum opinion backed by a minimum of research you sell both journalistic integrity and your causes down the river. You become the instrument of your own undoing.

In my opinion, the problem at the College of Art is not an apathetic student body. One of the problems here is that the school newspaper shuns its responsibilities, and adopts a most offputting, egotistical editorial persona. Ultimately it fails--or is unable--to convince its readership of any need to take action.

Other than that; love the paper!

James Williams
Public Space

HM: If only we were as articulate as you. Oh well, we'll respond anyway.

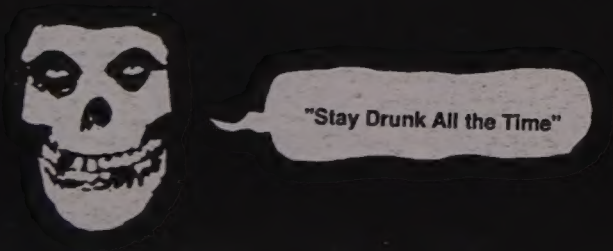
As an alumnus, your opinion is certainly qualified. Yet surely its possible that things have changed since you last attended. The last time we checked, there were current students, alumna, and even faculty who agreed that lack of participation in classes existed and was indeed a problem. Our impression is that you seem to think that the newspaper, in its haughty editorial persona, has said that students are apathetic in regards to other issues commented on in the last issue (ie. Dept. vs. Dept., Save Longwood, Logo, etc.). Where did you get the idea that the paper is trying to "convince its readership" of a "need to take action?" If you read the "Brief Editorial" as carefully as you read Tim's "Save Longwood" article, you will find that the only reference to apathy is in regards to its role in a class, and not in any other issue. (The author of the "Save Longwood" article assures us that Longwood is indeed a prosidium space, a space which has flowers painted on the ceiling. Any good dictionary should have it.)

As far as the newspaper cultivating a Dept. vs. Dept. stance, it existed long before the paper did. This split, which is often reinforced by the students themselves in their attitudes toward members of different departments, (yes James, this is true), has been cultivated by the faculty, who see their department as a little fiefdom, and administration as well. Do you remember Jack Nolan's attempted phase out of certain fine arts, changing Mass Art into the School of Art and Design? How about our foolish grade system, partially pass - no credit, partially letter grades? Or what about the structure of the Design Dept.? Students have so many required courses in such a short amount of time that there's practically no allowance or encouragement for those poor souls to take electives in different media.

We could understand a lack of concern on your part, since none of this affects you. But your obliviousness to it all leaves us puzzled. Do you really love the paper?

"Stay Drunk All the Time"

"Beat Up an Old Person for No Reason"



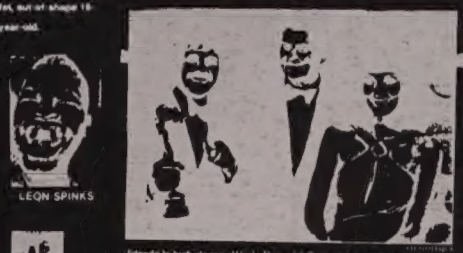
Hell Topics

Presents Our Special
Pressurized Fried Chicken

Bologna bombing
disco bombing

Boy aroused by women wrestlers

I BELIEVE
That I have the body of a 16-year-old. A big, fat, out-of-shape 16-year-old.



LEON SPINKS

Rock Show Biz
CATE REVIS

Friends in high places: *With Ronald Reagan in 1972*

, members of the weasel family, are found only

SPECIAL PURCHASE
FEMALE MINK COATS

psychotic twin gynecologists
Kristy McNichol

Q. Where can I find a doll hospital?

20% OFF
ALL HUMAN HAIR

and one group killed a

the American eagle

wades across an alley, carrying his dancing monkey to safety.

"When you panic, you do everything – check all your bases," Evins said. "You say your prayers, call the vet and use the psychic."

Hollywood wants bludgeoning story

Fans of "Spenser: For Hire" know Hawk as a mysterious, physically intimidating black man to whom Spenser, played by Robert Urich, often turned for advice.

immediately, problems arose. The audience couldn't see the wheel, they couldn't see the contestants, all they could see were the two sports cars on stage. If that wasn't bad enough, after every puzzle the taping had to stop to prepare a new puzzle.

During the first pause, the audience sang "Happy Birthday" to host Pat Sajak and he acknowleged them. But soon the crowd got restless and started yelling "move the cars" and "get that damn Porsche out of here." Sajak and White ignored the audience. Finally, a portion of the stage was dropped and the cars were lowered out of view.

Five minutes later, the production truck lost power. "Wheel of Fortune" had become Wheel of Torture.

At lunchtime, the troopers told the cadets to come together in a tight circle. Then they were told to sit down in each others' laps, their uniforms soaked with perspiration, and eat lunch that way.

By that night, several recruits began to have dark urine, a symptom of kidney trouble. One called it "as brown as Hershey's syrup."

"The troopers wanted no daylight between bodies," the investigators reported. "I want you to smell the sweat of the guy in front of you," shouted one trooper.

Only the male cadets were called women.

"There was a lot of screaming, a lot of yelling at the top of their lungs," said one recruit.

After their possessions were nauled off, Tammy Faye said she spent one last night there. "I had to spend one more night. As I lay on the floor in the dark, empty room, Tuppins, my puppy, licked at the tears running down my face. "'Oh Tuppins,' I sobbed, 'Why has God forsaken me?'"

Dear **Beth:**

My girlfriend is a photographer and got me to sit on a big bed wearing red PJs with an Alf doll. This picture appeared in a window display. I can't get her to remove it. I'm afraid someone will think I'm a sissy.

– Being Used in Milford

The meat is produced by putting the bones and attached meat remnants of a slaughtered animal through a grinder and forcing the mixture through sieves. Although most of the bone is strained out, some small particles – about the size of black pepper flakes – wind up with the salvaged meat in the final mixture.

100 dead chickens

'Commonly, the patient has recently eaten raw or undercooked fish and has coughed up a live worm within 48 hours of the meal.'

– Findings of research report

Last October, the teacher of a fourth-grade class asked her students to write a short essay on what they would like to do most to celebrate Halloween. Eighty percent of her 9 year-olds espressed the wish to "kill somebody."

says the key to aging is liveliness, a sense of mystery – and plastic surgery. "If you need it, have it," she told People magazine. I had my neck nipped and tucked and it made a tremendous difference."

"People Are Talking" at 12:30 p.m. on Channel 4 Scheduled: Ugly People.

(Scheduled Topic: Femiphobics – men who are afraid of their feminine traits)

Scheduled: Bone stretching surgery to correct dwarfism.

"Donahue" at 4 p.m. on Channel 5 and at 5 p.m. on Ch. 21. Scheduled: Women who don't wear make-up.

I've heard that some processed cakes, such as Twinkies, have a shelf life of more than 14 years because the process in which they are made involves no baking.

"I remember doing a Kentucky Fried Chicken commercial for an entire day – you know, you have a bucket at your table, you take a bite, say 'Mmmmmm!' Then they cut and you spit it out. Just awful.

would like to blame anything and everything on the skinny teen-ager with bad skin.

O'Connor's hair is naturally thin, light colored and graying, but yesterday it had more fullness and body and was a slightly darker shade. The difference was noticed immediately by reporters who regularly cover the court.

● **SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN IN THE TOILET.** The rest room is not a dangerous place to be. You can't get sucked down the toilet. You are, even if you were born yesterday, too big.

Toilet seat, in fashion colors 9.99

GRANDMA'S NUT MILL IS NOW RUST-FREE

Chances are your grandmother had one of these long ago, and now you can have a rust-free nut mill of your own.

Although the backs of the aliens' hairless heads are spotted like giraffes, they closely resemble humans wearing nylon stocking masks that press their noses against their faces and recess their ears.

Take an hour out of your busy (or not so busy) life and visit a person whose mind is gone.

Some people say I look like Arnold Schwarzenegger – as a female.

For Special Size Men.

In hopes of getting rid of Barbara permanently, Skye spread a deadly bacteria on Barbara's sandwich.

The punishment you deserve will cost you 20 cents for the first minute and 10 cents for each minute thereafter.

From left, they are Chorm Cheang, Rit Dy, Sophia Dy, Vong Long, Long In, Long Vonn and Saray Sok.

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO

'nuuuuuuf'

FIENDS

MASTER OF REALITY - Tim Gealbhan

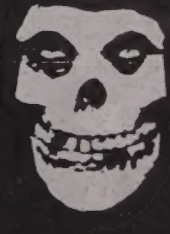
LORDS OF THIS WORLD - Rich Pontius

Tony Maciag

CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED

G.G. Allin, Cherie Bombardier, Chris Corcoran, Tim Gealbhan, Tony Maciag, Rich Pontius, Joe Shepard, Rod Stone

Funded by the SGA (Soiled Grimy Abberants) of the Mass. College of Art



"Kill Other People's Pets"

Rod Stone's Advice to the Lovelorn

Today's Column:
Getting it on with the married chicks

There should be no question about it - in dating a married woman, a guy always takes a risk. Such a woman is not free to take a guy out, to make love to him, or to marry him. Until she is free, she is expected to consort with only her husband, and to engage in social activities where there is no pairing off with other men. Many a lonely married woman seeks the companionship os an undetstanding man. If he's young, he brings her the added sensation of feeling young again herself. If he is sympathetic, he may meet deep emotional needs within her. She on the other hand, may appear to him as seasoned, wise, mature, experienced. He may feel flattered by her attention. He may be touched by her confessions of how her husband misunderstands her. And before he knows it, he's involved beyond his expectations in mixed emotions that all too often lead to heartache and art projects.

Sometimes a guy will walk into such a relationship with his eyes wide open. Of course, he may be too fond of the woman or too sorry for her to know how to withdraw effectively. The wisest thing is for a guy to break relationship as soon as he knows she's married.

If he can uncover her matrimonial status before he ever goes out with her, he is on still safer ground. This isn't always easy, especially in relationships that spring up without the proper sponsorship, or if she's sexy and likes you. This is one of the main arguments for confining one's social life to acceptable circles and one's friendships to those who are vouched for upon introduction.

Dear Rod,

I'm sure I'm not alone on this one and could use the advice. I've recently been successfully flirting with this woman and I know it could turn into something special. But there is also this man who makes my heart skip. He's someone I've dreamed for. It's never happened to me before and things build up every time I see either of them. Do I go with my instincts and let what happens happen, or do I hold back and be responsible for my actions (so no one gets hurt)?

Signed,
Tired of the
Heterosexual Dogmatics

RS: Have a few drinks and hang loose, baby!

I LOVE TO SUCK ATEENAGE WHITE GIRLS DELICIOUS HOT JUICY LITTLE HARY PUSSY

I LOVE TO STICK MY TONGUE AS FAR AS IT WILL GO INSIDE A TEENAGE WHITE GIRLS HOT LITTLE ASSHOLE

I LOVE TO SUCK [illegible] ASSHOLES

[illegible] TEENAGE TITS

I LOVE TO MAKE TEEN AGE GIRLS [illegible]

I LOVE TO SUCK ATEENAGE WHITE GIRLS DELICIOUS HOT JUICY LITTLE HARY PUSSY

messages found scattered around Bloom Hall 8:13am Tuesday April 25 1989

submitted by

shompa

RS: Hey buddy, get a grip!

(Rod Stone denies any responsibilty for this issues' companion issue Advice to the Lovelorn column ed.)

"Have Sex Without a Rubber"

"The Great and Powerful OZ has Spoken!"

I was at work here at school last week, and answered the phone. It was a call for my boss, who was out.

"Well, that's allright, I can talk talk to you. I have some information to give you so a visiting artist can get paid."

I said, "You need to fill out a request for payment form-

"I don't fill out forms," the faculty member said.

"Oh! What an important person you must be !" I thought.

He proceeded to give me the information he wanted to, and reiterated,

"I don't fill out forms, other people do that."

"You mean your servants?" I thought.

Amused by this wanton display of snideness and childishness, I snickered and replied,

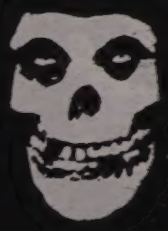
"I see."

In my three years of working at Mass Art having dealt with a fair share of cranky customers, I never encountered such arrogance. I don't think there's anyone here, student, faculty, or administration, who doesn't understand that in order to receive money here or anywhere else, usually some kind of paperwork has to be filled out in order to keep a record of a transaction. We're n talking about a contract that has to be re: at length and filled out in triplicate, only a sheet with a name, address, signature, etc.

What's most alarming is that this persor is regarded as the enlightened intellectual, vanguard of a new, better society. His inflated self-importance lands him squarely back in ancient aristocratic notions of social class. This wasn't a tenured old fart at an ivy league school, insulated by a fat salary from social problems in America and the world; this was an alleged artist who supposedly teaches art and open mindedness. It made me wonder if anyone has ever challenged His Highness, Mr. Artist on any previous occasion. If they were like me, they probably would have been too dumbfounded. I guess it just goes to show that an art school, even one of the better art schools, isn't immune to self-righteous, windbag faculty who want their cookies before their green beans.

We feel this kind of thinking deserves to be challenged. After all, isn't that what the avant-garde is all about, challenging thinking? We want to know why the world should be divided into groups of people who do important things like make art and teach and "other people" who do unfun unimportant things like fill out forms. Isn't this the old elitist, romantic (and ultimately authoritarian) conception of the artist as a tortured (white male) soul, functioning in another sphere beyond the simple concerns of everyday life, such as form-filling. Will we be able to face up to the global warming with this archaic artist-person leading the charge?? Are the sublime and the practical really so far apart? Don't they come together with the first and most basic sublime thing we do, which is lifting food to our faces without which nothing else, including art and sex, would be possible?

Rich Pontius



"Have Sex Without a Rubber"

We... of all people, we, The Fucking Newspaper... got a submission showing Calvin with a sour-puss look on his face, which is to be expected since he is an intelligent, creative kid who, at the age of six and enrolled in "Public School", is getting his first taste of life in this flat, hostile world peopled by sheeplike, useless humans and controlled by moronic corporate assholes. Anyways. Little Cal shows a great deal of depth and insight by expressing the opinion, the simple fact, that "I hate EVERYBODY! As far as I'm concerned, everybody on the planet can just drop dead. People are scum."

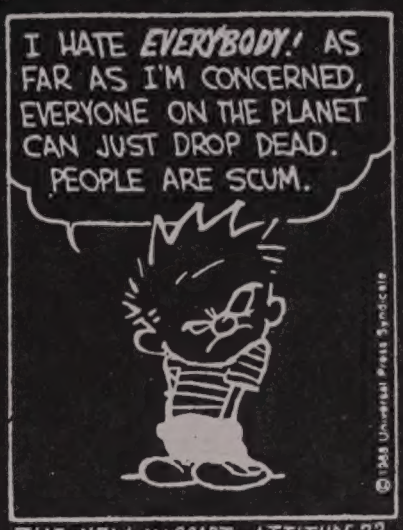
Bravo! What a better world this would be if all children could see this clearly by the age of six, instead of having to wait until their twenties or so like most of us. (Some have to wait decades longer before they come to this sort of realization... some poor fucks never do, and go to their DEATHbeds thinking the World is a woderful place that is meant to be full of "love" and "understanding". These pathetic hippie geeks aren't even welcomed into Hell by Our Lord Satan, but will continue to be sent back into progressively worse realities until they "get it".)

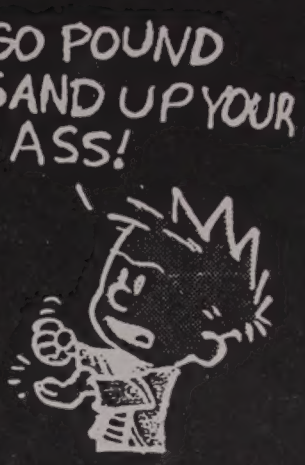
The sensitive Artiste who gave us this item disagrees, however, and expresses his naive wonder and distaste for raw HATRED by scrawling on the illustration:

"The new MassArt attitude? Lighten up guys... Make Art not War".

I'm not sure I concur with this wimpy philosophy. No... I take that back, I am sure; I definitely do not concur with that wimpy philosophy. Think about it. What could be better for Art than a good WAR, hmm? Good old Rev. Malthus reminds us that WAR is a function of nature, similar to the mass-suicide impulse among lemmings, that serves to trim away the useless and unproductive so that the entire species will not starve to death. Who will dare argue against my assertion that Art, in all forms (except Comix, which is the only real Art Form anyways) is DEAD or DYING, suffocating under the weight of MILLIONS of imitators, phonies, impressarios, pseudo-intellectuals, poseurs, graspers, mercenaries, seekers-after-fame, etc., etc., etc. An ART WAR is just what we need to clear this garbage away so that those of us who have something to offer can do so without having to worry about galleries saying "Oh, your work, well, it's just not what's 'in' right now, it just wouldn't sell" or art directors and their "What's with this art shit?! The company's not paying you to express yourself... you're only to make up the trendiest design possible, dammit!"

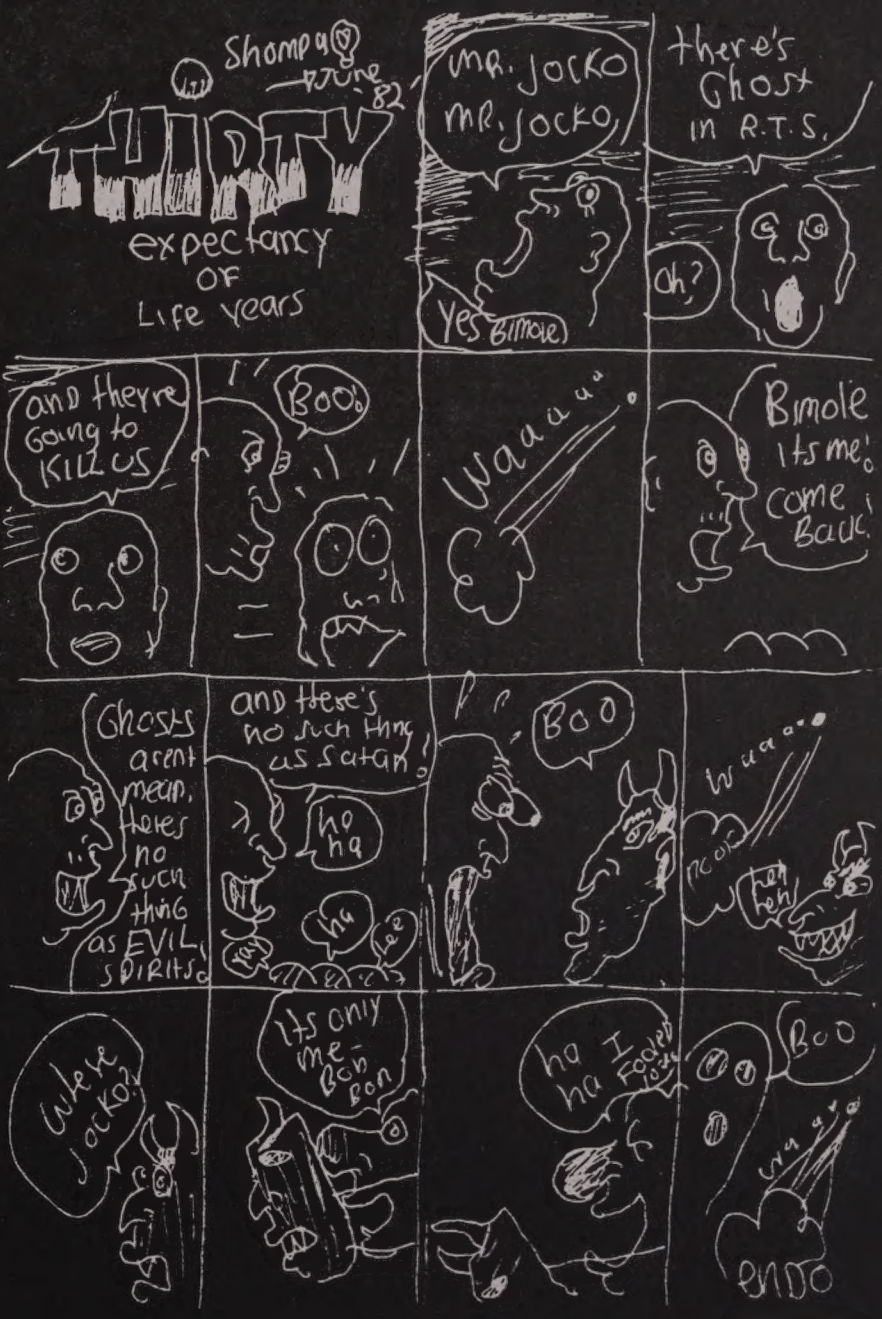
So There!

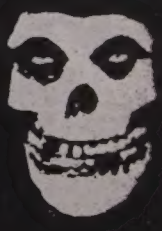

I HATE EVERYBODY! AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, EVERYONE ON THE PLANET CAN JUST DROP DEAD. PEOPLE ARE SCUM.
©1988 Universal Press Syndicate



THE NEW MASSART ATTITUDE??

LIGHTEN UP GUYS - MAKE ART NOT WAR





"Take More Drugs"

AN AVALANCHE OF KILLER WORMS

ANGST IN MY PANTS

"The Poetry Section"

CORPSE (Love is an extravaganza in necrophilia)

I hold you propped up with both hands. I hold all we've ever been together propped up, a corpse in my arms.

CORPSE - say it slow, allow it to flow, free-fall from your tongue. A word befitting what our relationship has become

perhaps we should bathe the body again in oils and perfumes - fill the tub with jasmine and memories... Can only Garlic mask the scent of Decay?

Beware, do not teeter into the bath becomes a Chasm and i spin i cannot swim - yet somewhere along the line you learned how.

In perfect lifeguard manner I retrieve the body from certain debacle but once on solid terrain I know its dead its dead its dead it is the corpse of where you and I overlap and life cannot be breathed into it another time.

It is a facade held up- a play enacted - Tripping through the memories of something we once were...

The tempestuous episodes we sped through in ecstasy (and naivete') hang from my mind now as tattered shreds of flesh hang from splintered bones
What have I done What are we doing - our relationship sits upon my lap, a mannequinn propped up by my own hand. I am but a ventriloquist and the voice emanating from me is that of the past, of something that neither of us are, any longer.

This is a mortar-bandaged facade supported by rotting beams and a deadly desire on the behalf of me to have something
to hold on to forever. the Evil Truth is the lack of Substance the maniacal Misery, perpetual Misery is the impermanence of all we seep our deepest passion into. what you and i were- nothing lesds than lovers with the Flesh of our minds, the flesh of our souls, ceases to be. you walk away and i hold propped up with my own hands a corpse. i lavish my deepest passions upon this unmoving, unblinking Stiff...for it is all we have to cling to Tears, Words, all are lost to the decay.
My only crime is Necrophelia: I have ardently loved what had long ago died. My prison bars are tears of loneliness and a lack of will.

And the Decay perpetuates from within
The corpse is I, the corpse is very much you.

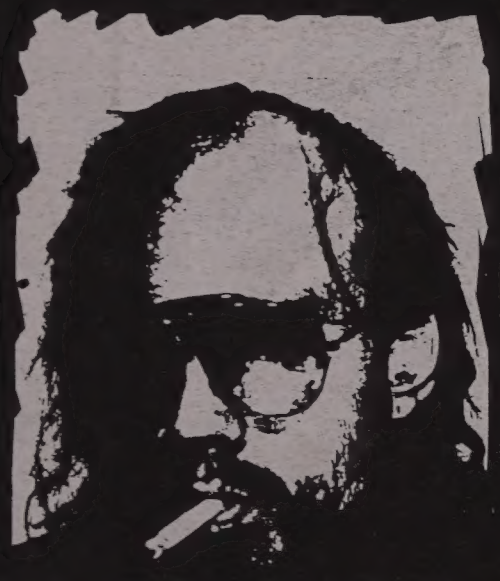
Cherie L. Bombardier
23 Feb. 89

DEAD LEAVES

(Autumn can be seen, rather than the death of the summer, as the birth of the Cold...)

dead leaves
Watch me--
this is the Autumn of my mind
Emotions curl up
crisp and brown
and the wind spins them
lifted to
a miniscule tornado
within me
dead leaves
dropping
i'm drying up inside
dead leaves
i'm dying
But this is the way they want you to be
So much easier to rake away

Cherie L. Bombardier
9 Feb. 89

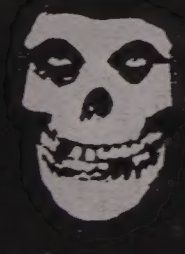


I believe that it is best to decide your own final end. I will not put my life in the hands of fate. We are not able to have a say in our birth. But we can decide when we want to die, and we should. Why hang around if you're ready. I will pull my own trigger. I've been playing Russian Roulette for a long time now, so I'm ready to break on through to the other side for good. I'm announcing my Date With Death for Wednesday, October 31, 1990, Midnight, somewhere in New York City. The stage has been my life, so I will take my life on stage. I will record one more LP to be released the following day. Welcome to my death.

See You In Hell,
G.G. Allin

(In case you don't know... Mr. Allin is certainly, in the words of Ivan Stang, "one of the most disgusting figures in rock n' roll". The lyrical content of his "songs" runs from bestiality to bodily functions to the glories of hard-core drug addiction to murder to every kind of miserable topic that most of us don't enjoy thinking about. DO NOT APPROACH this guy (he lives in this area sometimes) if you're female... he LOVES to brag about the women he's beaten and raped, and he's not lying. He shits on stage. He screws dogs. Etcetera. Basically, he does everything Divine would have gotten around to doing if she hadn't died so young (snif).

One more thing, in case you were thinking of going to NYC to see this ...uh... person... kill himself: rumour has it he's planning to open fire into the crowd before offing himself. Keep it in mind, fans.)



"Beat Up an Old Person for No Reason"

last words

The Hot Seat

a snide column of unsubstantiated rumors and gossip

Here's one we couldn't resist. Now, we truly, truly weren't going to publish anything else about Charette, its all been said. But, it recently came to our attention that Lionel Spiro, Chairman of the Board of the Charrette Corporation is on the Mass Art Foundation Board of Directors. Of course, this is pure coincidence. His position certainly wouldn't have made him privy to what kind of a contract bid Charrette should have made to appeal to the powers that be. Heavens, no!

You know that student services spent $2,000 on the Tropical Beach Party? To think that good money for the Easelmen was wasted!

"Take More Drugs"

SHRUNKEN HEADS STOLEN

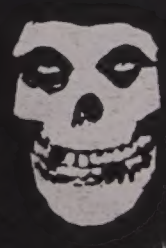
SAO PAOLO, Brazil (AP) - Thieves raided a museum display case and made off with two softball-sized shrunken heads worth at least $15,000 each, the director of the plundered archeology museum said.

"The thief or thieves simply unscrewed one of the glass panes of the case and walked away with the two heads," Orlando Marques de Paiva, director of the ethnology and archeology Museum of Ipiranga, said.

He said the heads were war trophies of the warlike Jivaro Indians, who live in the jungles of Ecuador.

Okay gang, its art lesson time! You can learn to draw this cute puppy by following these five easy steps!

"Kill Other People's Pets"

"Cause a Car Accident and Drive Away"

"Cause a Car Accident and Drive Away"